NINETY-EIGHT. BY M A.

In a fair green island that westward lies.

A forman stamped on the heart of the land.
He shouted in Briumph, he waved his hand.
He forgot that a Nation never dies;
She ran unfer and bleed, yet deathless prove.
While her sons keep faith and her daughter love.
The children of Erin hid their eyes
Lest smouldring flames to light should rise,
They had struggled, God knows how long in
yain,

They had struggled, God knows how long in yain,
Yet they banded and swore to burst her chain.
There was place for the traitor who sold his
Lord:
For the trader in blood a r ch reward.
For the brave and true were yawning graves,
Outlaw dens, or the brand or lakve.
From the wolfish glens where the priests lay hid,
On their brows the sigh of faith forbid,
They crept, and looked with fervent sighs
To stars that shone in silent akies;

They looked on churches where their dead They loosed on churches where their dead
Were outraged by an alien tread;
On fertile lands that once was theirs;
Till it seemed the chieffains lion-hearted,
The mighty, the far-departed,
Leaped armed from their broken sepulchres;
Then, mad with the wrong of ages,
They saked no counsel of sages,
They looked in the eyes of Despair,
And saw an answer was written there.

Woe for the sword that was drawn in vain, Woe for the sword that was drawn in value. Shattered and welded into a chain; Woe for the darling lips that spoke. The lives that ended, the hearts broke, But steel is forged in the heart of flame. And pain is the furnace for deeds of fame. Yes, tremble Oppressor! for want and woe have lent dead strength to a weaker foe. - Western Catholic

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED.

"Keep your congratulations,' retorted Miss De Courcy, the fine furious temper she naturally possessed all afire, and let me get rid of you. Keep your flowers, too—I don't want them. I wish I had never seen them or you!

She flung them at his feet.

'Go on, Dolly, said somebody, hurriedly; stage is waiting,' and Dolly went on. Went on, white as ashes where rouge was not, playing worse than ever, half-maddened elbow prompting him. 'Is she the star he by the sight of Bertie Vaughan laughing and chatting with his two tair friends. For Mr. dal'a disappointment?' Ward, he had calmly picked up his disdained bouquet, and sauntered back to his place in

mill-owning philosopher: 'and she'll take it | Char who came to the rescue. too. I know what Dolly's tantrums amount to. All things are possible to he man who knows

The end came, the bouquet was thrownand accepted. Bertie saw her pick it up, press it to her lips, and bow and smile to the donnor, unmoved. She was coarse (so had set in the thoughts): she was a poor actress; he wonthink her otherwise. If he married her he self. I saw you laughing, Miss Hendrick—would be ashamed of her all his life. He was you thought that particularly good, I am sure! the sort of a man to make a mad marriage, and be ashamed of his wife all his days, and revenge his folly on her head. She was uneducated-she was vulgar-she had horrible relatives, no doubt-had nothing in the world to recommend her but two bold black eyes and a highly-colored complexion. Was the game worth the candle? Was this actress worth the secrifice of honor, wealth and caste —all that had ever made his life? And if what Miss Hendricks said was true—that she did not possess the first elements of theatrical success-what then? As her husband he would be a beggar-a miserable seedy, shabby beggar. To marry an actress in receipt of three or four hundred dollars, a week would be assarrifice for a man of his appearance, pros- no judge. Mamma, did you see Harry Sunpects and standing-to marry an actress earning a wretched pittance of ten or twenty der if they really are engaged?'

dollars a week only—good Heavens!—a shud
Then the talk drifted to the Sunderlands, absolutely grateful to her for opening his eyes. What an idiet—what an utter drivelling idlot he had been! Let Ward take her-greater fool, Ward-he was rich, and could indulge in tolly if he choose. For himself, he would keep his honor intact, he would marry Sydney, and become master of Owenson Place, and the captain's noble bank stock. He looked across at her, her cheeks flushed with excitement and warmth, her eyes sparkling, her fair hair falling to her waist. How pretty, how sweet, how refined she was. Hers was the sort of beauty years would but improve—at thirty she would be a radiantly beautiful woman. What a contrast to Dolly De Courcy-poor footlights in her peasant garb in the "Loan of a Lover, casting imploring, penitent glances at him, doing her best to attract his notice. He put up his glass and surveyed her, a feeling skin to repulsion within him. little one? For you are in trouble—1 can see He did not know it, but it was the turningpoint of his life, his last chance of earthly

salvation. At all ended. They called Dolly out, and she came, curtseying, and with that stereo-typed smile on her lips, her imploring eyes bent on Bertie. But he would not see her, he was tenderly and solicitously wrapping Miss Owenson's blue scarf about her should-

ers, preparatory to going out.

Through the white whirling light they drove home. Two or three inches of snow already covered the ground. Winter had come before its time. And Bertis in a corner pondered in his heart and was still.'

I'll see Dolly once more, and make an end of it all,' he mused. 'I would be the most contemptible cad that ever lived if I disappointed the governor after all has done for me. To jilt an helress like Sydney for a penmiless, common-place actress like Dolly would be sheer madness-a girl with lovers in New York and Wyckliffe and the deuce knows where besides. And I would tire of her in a month. She's as jealous and exacting as the dickens. Yes, by Jove! I'll throw over the actress and marry the helress.

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS HONOR, ROOTED IN DISHONOR, STOOD.

Sydney sat very silent and thoughtful during the homeward drive, lying back in her cozy corner, and watching the white whirling night outside. All unconscious of Bertie's good resolutions, her thoughts were running in an entirely opposite groove. If anything had been wanting to open her eyes to the true state of Mr. Vaughan's affections, tonight at the theatre kad opened them. She had seen him look at Miss De Courcy as he had certainly never looked at her. She understood the secret of his brief absence as well as he did himself; there no longer remained a doubt in her mind. He cared nothing for her, and he did care a very great deal for this dashing actress.

'Then I shall never marry him,' Sydney thought-'never-never! This is why he has not spoken-why he is so often absent, why he stays out so late nights. He is running after Miss De Courcy. Oh! why cannot he be brave, and speak out, and tell me the truth? I don't want to marry him, I don't | return?" want to many anybody, and he must know

it. Pape would not be so very angry, and

he might forgive him—perhaps.'
But here Sydney stopped. Papa would be most tremendously angry; papa would never forgive him to the day of his death. She could never dare tell pape the truth; if the marriage was broken off, it must be through her own unwillingness to keep to the com-pact, not his, else Bertie was ruined for life.

I will speak to papa this very night, if I get a chance. I couldn't marry Bertie oh, never! never!-knowing he cared for another more than me; that all the time he was standing by my side in the church he was wishing another girl in my place. No. I couldn't, not even to please papa.

· I don't care for Bertie now, but if I were married to him, it might be different; and to grow fond of him, and feel sure he cared nothing for me-no. I could not bear that!

The pretty, gentle face looked strangely troubled, as Bertie helped her out, and she ran up the steps and into the hall. How wintry and wild the night had grown—the trees standing up ink-black in the whirling whiteness...

Captain Owenson had sat up for the return of his harem. A bright fire and comfortable supper awaited them. Mrs. Owenson, Cyrilla, and Bertie partook of cold chicken and champagne, with appetites whetted by the keen wind, but Dolly De Courcy had completely taken away Sydneys. Her father was the only one who noticed it -her father, whose doting eyes never left her face for long.

'Well, little one,' he said, 'what is it? Has Lady Teazle been supper enough for you? You eat nothing.

It was altogether the most random of shots, but it went straight home. Sydney started guiltily, and seized her knife and fork; Bertie set down his glass untasted; Miss Hendrick delicately carving a wing, smiled in malicious triumph.

I do most sincerely hope this supercilious dandy will lose Sydney,' she thought, even at the eleventh hour. A dandy one could forgive—Freddy is that, bless him? but a fool, never!

'How did you find this famous actress, of whom Bertie speaks so highly?' pursued the captain, whose evil genius evidently sat at his

There was a pause. As a matter of course, Mr. Vaughan reddened violently. The question being addressed generally, no one I'll throw it to her at the end,' thought this felt called upon to answer, and it was Aunt

'I am sure I think it was very nice, 'that good lady said, and Lady Teazle played remarkably well. I don't think it's a very moral play myself, because it was, of course, shocking of that wicked Mr. Joseph Surface to make love to a married lady. But really I could not help laughing when the screen current of this most unstable gentleman's fell, and there she was before her husband and the two Mr. Surfaces. One had to feel dered how he could ever be so blind as to for her, too, she looked so ashamed of her-

> 'Particularly good, Mrs. Owenson, replied Cyrilla, that malicious smile deepening in her dark, derisive eyes; 'so good that I laugh now in recollecting it. I think we all admire Miss De Courcy excessively-not so much as Mr. Vaughan, perhaps, who is an old friend, but very much indeed for a first acquaintance.'

> Bertie lifted his eyes, and looked across at her with a glance of absolute hatred.

'Malicious little devil!' he thought, would like to choke her.' 'Well, puss, and what do you say?' con-

tinued Sydnay's father. 'I think Miss De Courcy is very pretty and very popular, but of actors and actresses I am derland with Augusta Van Twiller? I won-

der ran through him; what an escape he had and Bertie was safe again. He drew a deep had! He detested Miss Hendrick, but he felt breath! his eyes had not been opened a solinch. After all, what's the odds? Lord Duncond too soon. He was suspected even by Sydney. For this obnoxious Miss Hendrick, her keen black eyes saw everything; she was his enemy, and would do him harm if she

could. But that she shall not,' he thought, as he said good-night. 'I'll prove an alibi to Sydney, though I should have to swear black is white.

He went to his room, and his example was followed by Cyrilla and Aunt Char. For Sydney, she lingered yet a little longer, seated on a hassock at her father's side, her yellow head lying on his knee, her blue dreamy eyes fixed on the fire. For a mo-Dolly! singing, dancing, coquetting before the ment or two he watched the thoughtful, childish face in silence; then his hand feli lightly on the flaxen hair.

What is it, petite! he asked-so tender the harsh old voice was! What troubles my that.'

The way was opening of itself, and Sydney felt relieved. She had been thinking anxiously how to begin.

'Trouble, papa,' she answered, taking the the hand fondly in both her own. 'No, not trouble; that is too strong a word. Trouble

has never come near me vct. 'And pray Heaven it never may. What is it, then?,

'Well, papa, I am-what is the word!worried. Just the least bit in the world worried. 'About what?' he asked quickly. 'Not

Bertie?' 'Yes, papa, Bertie, and-this marriage.

Don't be angry, papa, please; but if you wouldn't mind, I would rather not.' 'A somewhat incoherent speech! Rather not—what?' 'Rather not be married, please. I don't

seem to care about being married, papa.' Papa laughed. 'I am so young-only a little girl after all

you know; and a married lady ought to be wise and sensible and old.' Old? One's ideas of age differ. What

may seem a ripe age in your eyes, Pussy?" 'Twenty-one or two-that is a good age to be married, if one must be married at all. But I don't see why one must, especially when one doesn't seem to care about it. I

would rather stay home with you and mamma just as I am.'

'Mamma and I intend you shall stay home with us just as you are.' 'Oh, but it will be different. I mean as we are at present. Bertie and I like brother and sister, not man and wife. Put off this marriage, papa—say for three years to come. What difference can it make? and I will be twenty, then, and beginning to grow old and I should prefer it,—oh, so much; and wise.

I am sure Bertie would too.' Bertie would too! her father sat suddenly upright. 'Has he told you so, Sydney?

'Oh, dear, no!' Sydney answered laughing; the is much too polite. You need not put on your court-martial face, Captain Owenson; Bertie hasn't said the least word about it one way or other. One way or other! Do you mean, Syd-

ney, he hasn't spoken to you at all since your

You saved us all that trouble. 'Sydney!'- Captain Owenson's cried, in a voice that made Sydney jump, takere is something more here than I know of. You were willing enough all along, willing enough when you came home a fortnight ago. What does this talk of breaking off mean now, at smile on her lips, she falls asleep like a little the last moment? What have you discov- child. ered about Bertie Vaughan?

Nothing, papa, Sydney came near gasping in her alarm; but even in this extreme moment she checked herrelf. It would not be true, and the simple, white, absolute truth came ever from Sydney Owenson's lips. 'You were willing chough a week ago,' her

father repeated. What have you discovered about Bertie now?'

I was willing enough because I had not thought the matter over,' Sydney answered, her voice tremulous. Papa, I.--I don't care for Bertle-in that way.'

'In what way? Falling in love, do you mean? Oh, if that be all-pooh! A very good thing for you too; the love that will come after marriage will be all the safer, to last. Are you sure, quite sure, there is no other reason than this?"

i think it is reason enough,' retorted Sydney, a trifle indignantly. 'I may be romantic if you lke, but I should like to—to love the man I am going to marry.'

Captain Owenson lay back and laughed, the 'thunder-cloud quite gone. For a moment he had been startled (boys will be boys, you know), but after all it was only a school-girl's sentimental nonsense. He patted the fair flax-head as he might a child's.

'And this is all! Well, I'm very glad. I am afraid you have been reading romances in the Chateauroy *Pensionnat*. Love, indeed! Well, why not? he's a tall and proper fellow enough, a young gentleman of the period, with all the modern improvements; parts his hair in the middle, wears a nice little moustache, and an eye-glass, lemon kids, and a cane. He can sing, he can waltz, can dress with the taste of a Beau Brummell, and has a profile as straight as a Greek's. Now, what more can any young woman of the present day desire in a husband? What is to hinder your loving him to distraction if you wish, since that is a sine qua non! It ought not to be difficult?"

'No, I daresay not,' Sydney thought, her eyes filling suddenly. 'Miss De Courcy finds it easy enough, very likely. Oh! how cruel papa is!

Well, my dear, you don't speak,' her father went on, bending down to catch sight of her face; 'are you listening to what I say? it ought not to be difficult.

Perhaps not, but I don't and-that is all.' 'What! cheeks flushed, eyes full, and voice trembling. Sydney! what is this? Is the thought of marrying Bertie Vaughan so hateful to you? Have you let things go on only to throw him over at the eleventh hour? Is this only a girl's caprice, or is there some reason at the bottom of it all? Speak, and tell me the truth. If he is unworthy of you I would sooner see you dead than his wife. But—if he is, by—,' a tremendous quarterdeck oath, 'he shall repent it!'

There it was. If she told the truth she would ruin Bertie's life forever—if she did not tell it she ruined her own. Tell she could not, no matter what the cost to herself.

'Oh, papa, how cross you are!' she said, in a petulant voice, that she knew would bring him down from his heroics: 'and I wish you wouldn't swear. It's ill-bred, besides being wicked.'

'I beg your pardon, Sydney,' he said, suddenly; 'so it is. I beg your pardon, my dear, I beg—His!

He lifted his smoking cap reverently, then sank back in his chair.

Dearest, best old papa!' Sydney cried, touched with contrition, jumping up and fling-ing her arms around his neck. 'I am a wretch for worrying you with silly fidgets. Your're a gentleman and a sailor—that you are every dreary says, one woman's as good as another, if not better-I don't see why the same rule shouldn't apply to men. If I must marry somebody, whether or no, than I may as well marry Bertie since it will please you. I hnow him, anyhow, that is one comfort Cecilia Leonard eloped from school with a young lawver of the town two weeks after she was introduced to him, and she told me when she came that she was three months married before she was perfectly acquainted with her husband. Now I am acquainted with Bertie, and won't have the trouble of cultivating him when I am his wife.'

'And he isn't a bad sort of young fellow, as young fellows go,' her father added thoughtfully; I not any more brains than the law allows—your sharp little head has found that out for itself, I suppose, my dear. He never would make his way in the world alone; but dropping into my shoes, he'll make you a good husband, I think, my dear-a kind one, s faithful one, and a very excellent country squire. He has been brought up to consider you his wife, and The Place his home for life. and it would not be quite the thing to throw him over now. He has no profession, and it is a little late in the day to learn one; besides his salt if he were a lawyer or a doctor to-mor-

he isn't clever, and I don't believe could earn row. And he is fond of you, little one-don't get any foolish sentimental notions into your head to the contrary; and, for pity's sake, Sydney, don't be an exacting wife, don't expect too much from your husband. He doesn't speak to you, perhaps, because he takes it all for granted. Very likely he takes too much for granted, but that is easily

set aright.' 'Papa!' Sydney cried out in alarm, at his smile and tone, you won't speak to him about this! You won't tell him to-to speak to me? Oh! I should die of shame.'

'Foolish child! As if I would ever cheapen my darling's value, or make her blush. Trust me, Sydney. For the rest, when I am gone if you were not Vaughan's wife, you might fall a victim to some subtle tongue fortune-hunter; for you know you will be very rich, my dear, and your poor mother has no more worldly wisdom than a babe. Bertie is not a brilliant match-nor at all the sort of man I would have had him-but he is ours, and we like him. I think he will make you a tender husband, and the fortune-hunters, by-andby, will have no chance. Believe me, it is helter as it is.'

'Yes, I suppose so,' Sydney sighs, hopelessly —fate seems closing around her, and it is of no use to struggle. Forgive me for troubling you papa; I won't do it again.'

'There is only one thing in the world that can trouble me greatly,' said her father, 'and that is to see my little girl unhappy. Are the doubts all gone, and you will take Bertle, Are

'I willdo whatever you think best, papa,'is her answer, and then he holds her for a moment in silence.

'Heaven bless my good girl!' he says, softly. Now go to bed, it is close upon one

o'clock. Sydney goes, a glow at her heart. After all, just doing one's duty and simply obeying

The granted Sake Of Control Cas State (19 albertal a face of the face of the face)

speak lightly, but not succeeding in keeping she is sadrificing her own will to please her down the flush that arose over her face. father since she is pleasing her father on earth, she must be pleasing her Father in heaven. For Bertie, she will be to him a wife so devoted, she will give him a heart to tender and true, that she will surely make him happy, sarely wean him from all passing fancies for other women. And, so with s

But Captain Owenson lies awake long that night, thinking. One result of his cogitations he gives them at breakfast next morning. Sydney shall welcome her friend with a party, and latroduce her to the best Wyckcliffe society. The stately old sailor has all an Arab's notion of hospitality. He likes quiet, but he is ready to throw his house out of the windows any day to please the guest who breaks his bread.

'Not a large gathering, you know!' he says; 'just an off-hand affair—say Thursday says; just an off-hand affair—say Thursday ing, a face he must never see or dream of next. You and mamma can make out your again, he strikes into a path among the list this morning and have them delivered before night. They will give four days to prepare quile enough in this primitive neigh. little wild outlaw that she is! Ben Ward

borhood, I should say.'
'Papa, I do think you have the most beau-tiful inspiration'!' cries Sydney, with a radiant face. 'How did you know Cyrilla and I were pining for a party?'

reakfast is over.

Come and help me, Bertie, she calls, brightly; and when Bertle comes makes place is he to get out of it? One whisper of the after, he asks the same question of Mamie for him, with a depth of shining welcome in | truth, and he will be expelled from Owenson her eyes he likes, but does not at all under-

is as far above his as the sunlit sky above the snow-whitened earth out-doors. She thinks, will not resign her claim upon him without a as he sits beside her:

· He is the one man of all men I am ever to care for. I want-oh, I do want to make him happy.

The invitations were all written and all dispatched. Then she and Miss Hendrick go off it would have saved him now. and hold a pow-wow on the subject of feathers and wampum-of their dresses and adorning, that is to say. Aunt Char descends to consult with Katy, the cook; and Captain Owenson waylays Bertie, his hat on his head, his cloak over his shoulders, his stick in his hand.

'The morning's fine, Bertie,' he says. 'I'll

take your arm for a turn on the piazza.' So they go; Bertie with much greater alacrity than he would have shown yesterday. He has shaken off Dolly's gyves of steel, so he thinks, and is about to slip on his wrists those of Sydney. He is son-in-law of Owenson Place, and is prepared to behave as such.

The ground is white with snow, beginning to melt and run in little rivulets in the heat of the noon sun. They walk slowly up and down, talking of many things, and it is apropos of nothing and rather suddenly that the elder man at last looks in the younger man's face and asks:

Bertie. Sydney's been home over a week. Have you and she settled upon your wedding dar?

Bertie starts, colors, as usual, and shrinks from meeting those keen, steely eyes. 'Really,' he laughs, 'I don't believe we have. I didn't like to hurry her, but I-I

must ask her this week. 'Because,' pursued the Captain, setting his lips, 'she has grown tired of the engagement and wants to break it off.'

'Wants to'-Bertie paused aghast-'wants to break it off! Sydney!'

The idea is so absolutely new that he cannot for a moment take it in. He may flirt, may play fast and loose with his fetters, may contemplate even running away with somebody else, but for Sydney to want to break with him—Sydney! No, he gives it up; he cannot realize it.

'She spoke to me last night,' goes on her father; urged me in the strongest terms to make an end of the proposed marriage. She's not in love with you, it seems, and has some girlish notions of the desirability of that emotion in connection with the married state Of course, I could never think of forcing her inclinations,' pursues this artful old seaman, carelessly; and it is never to late too draw back before the ring is absolutely on. She would prefer it-she even appears to hint

that she thought you would prefer it too.' 'She is mistaken,' cries Bertie, thoroughly startied, thoroughly alarmed; 'greatly mis-taken, altogether mistaken. Give up our marriage? Good Heaven! Captain Owenson, you will not listen to such a thing as that?

It seemed to him like a new revelation now that it was brought before him from the lips of another. Sydney wanting to throw him over-his little Sydney! And then Owenson Place and his hopes for life! Bertie Vaughan actually turned pale.

'You won't listen to what Sydney says,' he pleads; 'she doesn't know her own mind. Not love me? Well, of course not, she hasn't had a chance; we have been separated for the last five years. I was so sure it was all right that I didn't peater her with love-mak-

ing. I was so sure——'
Ah, yes! I dare say, a little too sure, perhaps. It doesn't do to take too much for granted where a woman is in question, be she seventeen or seven-and-thirty,' says the cynical captain.

But it isn't too late,' goes on Mr Vaughan, in hot haste. 'I'll talk to Sydney; I'll convince her of her mistake. I want to break off the engagement! By Jove, what could have put so preposterous an idea into her head ን

'Yes, what indeed! That's for you to find out, my lad. She seemed tolerably convinced of it too.'

· It's Miss Hendrick's work,' exclaimed Bertie, resentfully; confound her! I beg your pardon, sir,' as the captain turned savagely her shawl. upon him. 'I know she's your guest and 'Give hi Sydney's friend, but a serpent on the hearth to you and a false friend to Sydney if she tries to poison her mind against me. Of herself Sydney would never have thought of so absurd a thing. Miss Hendrick dislikes me, and I must say it—I dislike her. She knows

'Be good enough to leave Miss Hendrick's name out of the question, if you please,' says the seigneur of Owenson Place in his most ducal manner. 'As you say, she is my guest, and nothing disparaging shall be spoken of her in my presence.

it too, and this is her revenge.'

'At least, I will go at once and speak to Sydney, says Bertie, excitedly—'at once! It is intolerable to me that she should remain one moment with so false an idea in her mind." But the captain holds in this impetuous

wooer. 'Softly, my lad-softly,' he says, and he

laughs in his sleeve at the diplomatic manner in which he has attained his end; 'there's no hurry. Sydney won't run away, and if you speak to her to-day, aye, or to-morrow, either, she will suspect I have been speaking to you. Let me see. Suppose you wait until the night of the party, making yourself as agreeable as may be in the meantime. Then broach the subject of the approaching nuptials, get her to name the day and convince brings its own reward. She is quite happy as her of your undying devotion if you can. she kneels by the bedside to whisper her in-'Was it necessary?' Sydney said, trying to nocent prayers. It must be all right, since those maples do want thinning out.'

A significant squeeze of the arm-Bertie looks around bewildered by the widden change from matrimony to mishle, and see Sydney and Cyrilla approaching. The question of their respective tollettes has been settled; they are, in hats and jackets, en route to

Wyckcliffe, shopping.

May Bertie be their escort? He looks eagerly at Sydney, and Sydney glances suspiciously at her papa. Surely, papa, after his promise has not—But no; papa looks innocent and unconscious as some playful

No, he may not be their escort, Sydney answers; the subject of shades and textures is altogether too important to be interfered with by the talk of a frivolous young man. So he stays, nothing loth, for the truth is, he is morally afraid of meeting Dolly face to face in the Wyckcliffe streets. And then, as that face arises before him, rosy, laughing, charmmaples, with a sort of groan. If he could only care for Sydney as he cares for Dollywill marry her no doubt one day—hang Ben Ward. And the odds are, she will make no end of a row, insist on seeing Sydney, it may be, or the captain, telling her story, showing ere pining for a party?' his letters—Oh! gracious powers! not She goes to work delightedly the moment that! At any cost she must be kept quiet, and these fatal letters got back. What a hideous scrape he has got himself into; how Place-disgraced and ruined for life. To tand.

keep Dolly quiet will be no easy matter, for the never will understand her; her nature she is fond of him, not a doubt of that. He struggle. After all, swerving from the straight path af honor and rectitude may be very fine fun for a while, but it doesn't seem

> He thought until his head ached, but he could think of no way out of his troubles. Then in weary disgust gave up and lit a cigar. It was of no use turning his hair gray thinking; something always turned up when things were at their worst. He must get out of this morass somehow; there would be no brilliance within, lights and music stream end of lies to tell, but Mr. Vaughan did not stick at a lie or two in a difficulty.

to pay in the end. If he had kept his faith

with Sydney intact, what a deuce of a worry

He must appease Dolly in some way-get her out of Wychcliffe until the wedding was over. After that he didn't care. Sydney less, looking in. She sees him almost at first glance—he is dancing with the daughter of the house. A flerce spasm of hot pain goes and the night of the party he would do the dutiful to Miss Owenson, avoid the town and the theatre. After that but after that had not come; time enough to think of it when it

Thursday night. Vehicles of all sorts and sizes rattling up under the frosty sky to Captain Owenson's hospitable front door. The house is all alight from basement to atticwonders have been done in four days. A tolerably large company has been invited. the upper skimmings, of course, of country society; and a good time was confidently looked forward to. For though Captain Owenson did not do this sort of thing often, he did do it when he did do.

'They haven't invited you, Dolly, have they? No, I suppose they have'nt. No more have they me. Well, the loss is theirs, let that console us,' remarked casually Mr. Benjamin Ward, escorting home Miss Dolly De Courcy that same eventful night.

'Invited me where? I don't know what you're talking about. Who ever in-vites me anywhere?' retorted Miss De Courcy. Dolly is looking thin, and her bright bloom of color has faded. Her piquant face has taken an anxious watchful look of late-that longing, waiting look which is one of the the accessories are not wanting. She out in most pathetic on earth. Since the night of the cold under the midnight sky; they in the the School for Scandal she has seen no-Vaughan-absolutely nothing of Bertie

thing 'Why, to Miss Owenson's small and early,' of course. Havn't you heard of it? All the upper crust of Wychcliffe are bidden to the and she hears: feast; you and I, my Dolly, alone left out in

the cold. 'Miss Owenson!' At the sound of that dreaded and detested name Dolly looks quickly up. 'Is Miss Owenson giving a party? she asks. 'When?'

'To-night. Nothing very extensive, you know. Wine and sweet cake, cards and music, dancing and tea. Miss Sunderland's going-saw her yesterday, and she told me about it. Deuced shabby of them to leave me out; but it's all the doings of the 'Fair One with the Golden Locks,' says Mr. Ward

with calm indifference. Dolly says nothing, but Ward hears her breath come quick. The cold, piercing November moonlight falls on her face, and he sees that frown of jealous pain and anger that

never used to be there.
'It's of no use, Dolly,' he says, not unkindly, 'of no use waiting for Vaughan any more. He won't come.' Who says he won't?' Dolly cries, an-

gilly. What do you know about it. You only wish he may not. He will come.'
He never will. He is going to marry the captain's daughter, he won't marry you. He likes you best-maybe-it isn't in him to like anybody but his own lovely self very

He—never—will—come, asseverates Mr. Ward, a solemn pause between each little word. She does not speak. She sets her teeth hard together, and her hands clench under

strongly, but all the same he won't marry

you. You needn't keep that look out for him,

Dolly, that 'light in the window,' any more.

'Give him up, Doll,' says the young millowner, good naturedly; let him take his heiress, and have done with him. He isn't worth one thought from so true hearted a little woman as you. Give him up and marry me.

She looks up at him with haggard eyes, that have a sort of weary wonder in them. Would you marry me, Ben, knowing how -how fond I am of him?'

'Oh, that would come all right,' responds Ben, with his usual cheerful philosophy. · I'd be good to you, and fond of you, and woman are uncommon that way; married women, I mean; they always take to a man that is good to 'em. Men don't : but then husbands and wives are different somehow. ! Mr. Ward pauses a moment to ruminate on this idea, but it is too complicated for him and he gives it up.

'Say, Dolly, stop thinking of Vaughan, he's a sneak anyhow, and leave the stage and marry me. Marry me the day he marries Miss Owenson—there will be a triumph for. you, if you like! cries Ben, in a glow of happy inspiration.

But her lips set and her eyes keep their haggard look. Thank you, Ben, she says huskily; I know he's what you say, only I'd rather you didn't say it. I know I can't trust him, all

the same I can't give him.up... And he shan't

marry Miss Owenson. No! her black eyes

blaze up with swift flame, 'not if the wedding-day was to-morrow. Her father's an officer and a gentleman. I'll go to him, I'll go to her, and I'll tell them both what will stop the wedding. Don't look at me like that, Ben-I could help it, I wish I could And don't could yourself to come home with me any more during the few nights I play it isn't worth while. You can never get any better than a 'thank you' and a shake hands

the same, is Ben's answer; but I wish you would think again of this.'

If I thought till the day I die, it could make no difference. If I can't be Bertie Yaughan's wife and he has promised me I shall—it doesn't much matter whether I am ever anybody's at all or not? That for his promise!' cries Ward, con-

temptuously. 'Dolly, you're an awful lit. tle fool! 'I know it Ben,' answers Dolly, quite hum. bly. 'I can't help it, though. Don't come

any farther, please. I am at home now.' And you'll never marry me-never You're sure of it?" 'I'll hever marry you-never. I'm sure

of it. Good-night. Good-night, says Mr. Ward, and he pulls his hat over his eyes and turns and strides home, as if shod with seven-league boots. It is all over, he will never ask her again, but when months and months and months Sunderland and received a very different answer, that scene is back before him, and the gas-lit drawing-room cortained and close and warm,' wherein they cosily sit, fades for a second away. The chill, steel-blue moonlight, the iron-bound road, the frostily-winking stars, and Dolly's miserable face, as she

everything. She does not enter the honse. A fire, a tever of impatience of jealous, sickening terror has taken hold of her. They have not invited her-true; nevertheless she will be there.

says good night, are before him. Ah! well.

it would never do for men's wives to know

She starts rapidly onward, she reaches the light white house, and meets no one on her way. She ascends the portico steps; all is out. The drawing-room windows are open, chilly as is the night, curtains of lace and brocatelle alone separate her from the dancers. No one is near; she stands motionthrough the little jealous actress's heart. How pretty-how pretty she is! with her fair. feathery hair, her blue, bright eyes, her softly tinged cheehs, her sweet smiling lips. How prettily she is dressed in the palest pink, not a jewel about her, not even a flower in her hair, only a rose ribbon tying all iis brightness back. And he-but Dolly turns away with a de

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spairing gesture, words are poor to describe him! Just at the moment the dance ends and with his partner on his arm, he comes directly towards the window at which she stands. She draws back in terror. There is a great stone ura close by; she crouches down behind this, very close to where they stand. Are they coming out? No; they remain in the shadow of the curtains, and look out at the white, cold loveliness of the night. She sees—as soon as she is able to see any. thing distinctly, for the mist is before her eyes-Bertie wrapping a fleecy white scart about his companion's shoulders, hears (as soon as her startled hearing returns) the tender tones of his voice. She cannot catch his words at first, so lowly and hurriedly he speaks; but by her drooping face and averted eyes she can guess he is wooing his bride And she crouches listening here. A more dramatic situation could hardly have been devised for the Wychcliffe Lyceum. Even in the back ground, and the slow German waltz music over all. She does not catch his words for a while, though she strains her cars to listen. But he raises his voice presently,

'Care for her. An actress! Sydney, what folly to think of me. I tell vou I care for no one in all the world but you. I hold your promise to be my wife, and by that promise I claim you. You will not retract your plighted word?

· You know that I will not," she answers; but, Bertie, on your honor, would you not rather marry that actress than me? 'You insult me by the question, Sydney.

decline to answer. Ob, nonsense, Bertie,' Miss Owenson says half-laughing; 'don't try heroics. It's very natural question, I think. Young men dont blush at the sound of a young lady's name, nor brighten at the sight of her face tor nothing, and I have seen you do both, sir, for Miss De Courcy. Honestly, now, you do

like her better than me? Do you insist upon my saying yes, Sydney? I see how it is—you wish to break off our engagement, and a poor excuse is better than none. Very well; so be it; it shall never be said I forced your inclinations no

matter how deeply I suffer myself.' He folded his arms in a grand attitude, and stood drawn up, looking very tall and slender,

and affronted and cross... Oh, dear l' sighed Sydney, half laughing, half vexed; 'you will do private theatricals. No, I don't want to break off-it would ver papa; and of course everything is arranged, and there would be a dreadful deal of talk. Besides I like you—Oh, nonsense, Bertie! impatiently; 'no tender scene, if you please. But if I thought you cared for the actress, of were pledged to her in any way, I wouldn't marry you-no, not if I died for it!

· Pledged to her !' Bertie repeated, flushing guiltily. 'What awful nonsense.'
'Well, yes, I suppose it is nonsense. You wouldn't go that far even--- There's Harry Sunderland asking for me .-- I must go.' Promise me first that the last Thursday in

November will be our wedding-day, he says, harring her way.

Harry Sunderland has spied the rose-pink robe, and is making for it. In desperation, she pushes past him and out.

What does it matter? she says impa tiently; as well one day as another. Whenever you like-yes, the last Thursday, then. Don't come out just yet—I don't want Harry to know I was-

Spooning here with me, says Bertie, laughing. Yes, says Sydney, with a look of disgust; spooning here with you. Don't appear upon the festive scene for the next ten

minutes. She vanishes. Bertie remains, a satisfied, complacent smile on his face, and regards the heavenly bodies. For a moment—then-private theatricals, indeed! Sydney ough to be here to see them. A dark, crouching figure starts up as if out of the ground directly in front of him. The streaming 'you're a good fellow, a great deal too good lamplight falls; full upon an awful tamillar for me, but I can't do it, I can't give him up. lace, and a voice that sends every drop of iace, and a voice that sends every drop of traitor blood in his body back to his heart

Bays: 11 Bertie!

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